Collection of Poems ?

Miſcellaneous POEMS

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Written by a Young Lady.

LONDON:

Printen for *H. Hindmarſh*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Cornhil*. M. DC. XC. VIII.

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TO

Edw. Irby Esq;

SIR,

SInce 'tis Resolv'd that my Private Thoughts must run the Gauntlet through this Censorious Age, and be Exposed as well to the Critical and Unkind, as to the Good humour'd, and the Brave, I cannot think of a more Generous and Worthy Defender then your Self. And the only good Opinion I have of my Judgment, is in the Choice I have made of my Patron.

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

To Treat you Sir, according to the Eſteem I have of your Merit, is Care fully to avoid all Strain'd and Flo riſhing Expreſſions in Praiſe of thoſe many Excellent Virtues and Good Qua lities all that have the Honour to kno you find you are Maſter of. No, ſu Theams tho' full of Truth and Charm are far above my humble Flights, no are you to be Pleaſed with Attempts o that Nature.

To divert a Youthful Fancy, i Thoughtful Hour, Firſt put me upo theſe Poetick Strains, but little thoug the unhappy Product would have prov a Fugitive, and given me Cauſe to ow her with a Bluſh, but all theſe Struggli and unpoliſh'd Lines, were Surprize from me by a Perſon who does deſign Print them, (if poſſible) more Unc rect then Theſe, which to Prevent, w

The only Motive induced me to Publiſh what I have not Vanity enough to believe can Oblige ſo Ingenious an Age as this. But your Powerful Name ſix'd in the Front, bears ſuch a Charm, as like the Flaming Sword placed by the Tree of Life, will Shield me from the Fate I juſtly may deſerve.

I never yet Debaſed my Converſation with any thing ſo mean as Flattery, and am ſure far from the Odious Vice, when I ſay you are Critically a Gentleman, in Honour, Birth, and Education, and tho' that Generous Name ſerves only now to ſhelter Inglorious Actions, yet you by Virtuous Principles and Noble Practice, give new Life and Luſtre, to the Dying Title; Under ſuch ſhelter then my Poor Young Bluſhing Muſe muſt hide from

the

the hard Cenſure of the World, an
from your Goodneſs hope, 'tis onl
that will make you Suſpend your bet
ter Judgment and Pardon the Errors of,

SIR,

Your Obliged Kinſwoma

and Servant,

E. W.

TO

His Majeſty

AT

His Return from WAR,

November, 1697.

AS Eaſtern Worlds do to their Altars bow,
Such Reverence, Dread Sir, I pay to You;
And tho' in meaneſt Verſe my Numbers flow,
Simplicity does true Devotion ſhow:
The World's inſpir'd with your Victorious Arm,
Which does the Hero fire and Coward warm;
And we, alas! think all our Charms too few,
And would turn *Amazons* to fight for you;

Throw at your feet, Great Sir, our Vanquiſh'd Crown,
Valour than Beauty ſtill has more renown :
Whilſt the whole World abroad in Peace we ſee,
And now no ſubject left for Victory,
Valour and Conduct ſhall your Motto be.
My Virgin Muſe thus'd to Court addreſs,
With all Submiſſion does her fault Confeſs ;
Nor dares ſhe hope a Pardon from her King,
Preſuming on ſo mean an Offering ;
Yet humbly begs you'l mitigate her Fate,
Your Brightneſs did her Mind Illuminate.
Let *Cæſar* not Condemn her baſhful Lays,
Whoſe Glory firſt her inſect Muſe did raiſe :
In you I ſee the Charms of being Brave,
And ſcorn the Softneſs does my Sex inſlave ;
Did Clemency not over-rule your Power,
Could like the *Macedonian* King devour ;
But you abhor th' inſatiat thirſt of Blood,
And mix your Greatneſs with your Subjects Good ;
Whilſt you with welcome Arms betimes bring home
The Wealth he won and Peace of Chriſtendom,

Such

Such wondrous bleſſings as could ne're be given
To happy *Albion*, but by You and Heaven.
And tho' I ſhared the unhappy Virgins fate,
I'd meet Thee, mighty *Jeptha*, at the Gate,
My life your welcome to Congratulate;
With Songs and Dances your glad Triumphs meet,
As *Judah's* Daughters *Iſrael's* King did greet,
And ſcatter Palms and Lawrels at your feet.
May Angels here your ſacred Temples Guard;
And joys Eternal be your juſt reward;
Nor may you want the Bleſſings which you bring,
Till Heaven Crowns you an Immortal King.

The Abſolute.

IF you devide your Love,
Then I muſt bid Adieu;
How can I ever happy prove,
When with but part of you?
Or let my Rival, or let me
Injoy your Love alone;

I Scorn a Part in any Heart,
Who has not All, has None.

The True POET.

HE's the only true Poet, who lives by his Wit
Who ſtill veers to that Point where each humour does ſit;
Who for every Meal a new Stratagem knows,
Who never ſpeaks Truth, in Verſe or in Proſe;
Who Swears to that Promiſe he reſolves not to keep
Whoſe Perſon and Lodging each day are to ſeek;
He Breakfaſts with *Ovid*, with *Epictetus* does Dine,
He Drinks at *Parnaſſus*, and ſups with the Nine:
By his Cloths you may know he's of Publick renown,
As an Ancient Collegean is known by his Gown;
His Pockets are ſtuft with Addreſſes to Nobles,
While Dinner rewards Panegyrical troubles,
Elſe Stomach is Paſſive and takes Non-reſiſtance,
For Doctrin taught by the Primitive Chriſtians,

Up

Up Three pair of Stairs the next Door to the Sky-light,
You may find the Contemplative Subſtance at twi-light;
But if you ſhould ſtay for the light of *Aurora*,
He is bruſh'd out abroad to Beg or to Borrow.

On Abſence.

CAn I thy Abſence any longer bear,
And to thy Memory not ſhed a Tear?
No, I could weep a Flood would quench the World,
Could *Phaëton* a ſecond time be hurl'd
Off from his Flaming Chariot down below,
Nay, I could weep a ſecond Deluge too:
I could turn *Cynick* and out rage the Wind,
Fly from all Courts from Buſineſs and Mankind;
All other Charms are empty Nothings to
Thoſe ſolid comforts, I have loſt in you.
Oh! Happineſs! if happineſs be ought,
Beſides a wild Chimera of the Thought,

In your dear Company alone 'tis plac'd,
For when you're abſent all things are defac'd:
When you are gone the Birds forget their Spring,
And in ſoft murmuring complaints they ſing,
And Ants forget to bring their Harveſt in.
All things neglective of their Pleaſure lay,
When you their kind directer are away,
If all theſe kind Inſenſibles can grieve
What's then my Fate? or what can me relieve?
While thinking on the happy hours that paſt
When our united Souls were linkt ſo faſt,
It brings freſh anguiſh to my tortur'd heart,
Which ſince I ſaw you has not left to ſmart;
For when you'r abſent I muſt always mourn,
Who cannot hope, but wiſh for a Return:
If Prayers and wiſhes both ſucceſsleſs prove,
I'le be both Slave and Martyr to my Love;
For when we always wiſh and never find,
We prove both Slaves and Martyrs to our mind.

On Melina's *leaving* Lucinda *in a Paſſion.*

YE Gods have ye no Quiet left in ſtore
For wretched me, who nothing elſe implore;
I ask not Pleaſure, Honour, Wealth or Fame,
Nor do I court the Vulgar for a Name,
A peaceful life alone can make me bleſt,
More than if with the World I was poſſeſt,
For which———
I choſe a Partner which I thought would be
The ſweet divertor of my hours and me,
For her I did refuſe the charming Grove,
Made for the *Cyprian* Queen and God of Love;
For her I did my near Allies forſake,
For her I did a Country Life betake,
I left the glittering Glories of the Town,
And did for her their dear Allurement ſhun;
A lonely ſolitary Life I choſe
For her alone in whom I'd plac'd repoſe.

She too with equal ardour did expreſs,
In me alone ſhe'd fixt her happineſs;
Raptures too great for any to expreſs,
Such as even dying Lovers confeſs;
Would ſhe each day harangue away my hours
And to her witneſs call th' Almighty Pow'rs.
But now by ſome uncommon Paſſions mov'd
She laughs at me and ſlights her moſt Belov'd.
All that I write or ſay diſpleaſes now,
Nor looks on me without contracted brow;
Not all Compliance in the world will do,
Nor will ſhe fail to caſt Reflections too;
Her bare ſurmizes is enough to prove
I'm not in humour, mad, or elſe in Love;
Or any thing that ſhe but thinks muſt be,
Then runs diviſions on her thoughts and me;
And then Again———
So kind ſhe ſeems, ſo cordial in her way,
That o're my heart ſhe bears an abſolute ſway;
And has an Art which I ſcarce ever knew
She at one time's both kind and cruel too.

ut let her think when e're ſhe acts that Part,
he cruel ſtabs the kindneſs in the heart,
h! that I could but *Level* once her Mind,
ot to be too ſevere, nor too too kind,
d undergo the utmoſt Fate can ſend,
rovided *She* were ſtill to be my Friend:
y Life's fatigue would all a Pleaſure ſeem
nd glide apace like to a ſhort liv'd Dream:
ut 'tis too much ye Gods, I ſhould not then
ind a Diſtinction from Immortal Men.

The Diſobliged.

'TIS Vertues Dictate, and I always muſt
Be to my Word and to my Honour juſt;
To keep my Word my Honour is engag'd,
Tho' honour tells me I am diſoblig'd:
My Word is Sacred, ſo's my Honour too,
To keep my Word my Honour I undo.
For ſhe who does ſo light her Honour ſet,
Muſt looſe her claim to Modeſty or Wit.

Religion teaches Injuries t' receive,
On this account th' Affront I do forgive;
To keep my Word I my Reſentments quit,
And as I Pardon, I'll as faſt forget:
But from this Reſolution ne're to ſwerve,
Humours by niceſt caution to obſerve;
A modeſt gayety *is what I'm ſure*
By Perſons civiliz'd; eſteem'd ſecure.
But I'le no more good humour ever ſhow
'Till I this Subtle World can better know.

CLEOMIRA
TO
ALONSO.

TO thee that by degrees would lead me on
To Love, with thy inſinuating tongue,
To thee I write, that once didſt cauſe a ſmart,
And with ſuch force didſt fling the fiery dart,

ointed with Words which bear a Fatal ſound,
nd does the Breaſt with Poys'nous rancor wound:
ou dreſt your Love with all the Artful guile,
nd then aſſum'd a ſoft bewitching ſtile;
anguage ſo ſweet as none did e're afford,
nleſs deſign'd to kill with ev'ry Word.
nd what defence could my weak Breaſt have made,
Whom none did e're before with Charms invade;
till when my Heart a Brisk allarm did beat,
y lovely Foe promis'd a Fair retreat,
ill Love that Bane, *perfum'd t' infect* the Mind,
hat ſad Delight that charms all Woman kind,
ranſfixt my Soul and made it purely thine.
When all was done the Victory was loſt,
n gaining Conqueſts which you ne're can boaſt;
or none will e're Applaud ſo mean an Act,
When Foes are poorly by ſurprize attackt.
y all my Flatter'd hopes 'twould ne're have done,
nleſs y' had come by challenge fairly on:
hen I your Paſſion could have boldly heard,
nd with juſt Anſwers then have been prepar'd.

And

And when th' Account of Love did once appear,
I could be even with you in th' arrear.
Suppoſe you had undone a harmleſs Maid,
Whoſe Youth had by your Folly been betray'd;
Suppoſe your wiles her generous heart had won,
To make Attonement, what would you have done?
To Marry her, you would have ſcorn'd the name,
That would have been a Scandal to your Fame;
To think the Heir o' th' Family ſhould wed
Any that brought not Thouſands with her head;
I cannot blame you neither, for I'le ſwear
Mony's the only thing that now is dear,
So we may call ſome Perſons whom we like,
But nought ſo near the heart as Riches ſtrike,
Yet nor your Greatneſs nor Eſtate could move
My heart, that ſcorns ſuch mercenary Love,
But 'twas pure Gratitude that gave you mine,
Thinking (alas) I had ſome ſhare in thine;
How could you find a Heart to ruine mine,
Mine that was always tender, ſoft and kind;
That never then had known what Love had meant,
Or had a Thought of which I could repent;

Coul

Could you have ſeen me ſit all greiv'd and ſad,
Sighing, in Sorrows blackeſt livery clad:
That Face you once gave undeſerving praiſe,
We're to appear but under cloudy rays;
A maze of Thought ſtill crowding o're my brow
My Words and Actions centring ſtill on you,
Could you have ſeen all this and not have thought?
Alas! poor Maid 'twas I this trouble brought,
To think you robb'd me of Repoſe and Reſt,
The only Good with which I was Poſſeſt,
And which I prize more than the glorious *Pelf*
That Fortune gives, nay though She gave her Self,
Could I yet think you could the leaſt Relent?
And ſighing ſay (alas) I do Repent,
I could *Platonick* like ſtill Conſtant prove,
And never look on you with other Love;
Could I be ſatisfied you this could do,
I could forgive and ſtill Live Loving you;
And ſeal your Pardon with my laſt Adieu.

The Supposition.

IF partial Death should take my Better part,
I mean my Friend, my dearest friend on Earth;
What Joy could e're inhabit in my heart,
Where every day would give new Sorrows birth:
Oh cruel Thought! Why dost thy self intrude
In forcing suppositions on my Mind,
Thine is of all Intrusions still most rude,
Because most Cruel, Fatal and Unkind.

The Debate.

TO be Oblig'd in what I can't Refuse
Must make Amends for what I can't Excuse
Within the Law Necessity ne're was;
Yet for *a Forma Paup'ris* mine must pass,
And I no more can help my being Oblig'd,
Then I can help the Town of *Mons* Besieg'd:

I can help my being Ungrateful ; true,
all Acknowledgments will never do.
ctors and Lawyers Complements ne're like,
mighty Gold which through the Palm does ſtrike,
ſend ſuch Elevations to the Heart,
does to all the Veins a Warmth impart :
I have Doctors own a Soul above,
ing Fee Complements from them they Love :
y nam'd I Love, only to make up Rhime ;
ndſhip I meant, the Love I hope's no crime,
ctors may feel a Pulſe in Love ſometime.
ich of the Two I am oblig'd to moſt,
which in thanks I kindeſt muſt accoſt
Conſidering am merely loſt ;
Firſt by ſickneſs incapacitâde,
ag'd the laſt to give me friendly aid ;
his Patient was, on his account,
ely the Others Viſits do amount ;
is makes me ne're the leſs Oblig'd to him,
do me Good was purely his Deſign ;
firſt drew Obligations for my ſake,
laſt did all the Pains and Trouble take ;

The firſt but Spoke the other he did Act,
They did the Kindneſs Both than by compact;
The Queſtion is, whether or no the Laſt,
For me alone would the Fatigue have paſt;
Till this Decided is I can't tell who
I am indebted, which 'tis of the Two;
I'le ask the Laſt if me before he'd known,
What he in Kindneſs would for me have done;
Or when he ſaw me, if he came to ſerve
The Doctor only, or my Life preſerve;
'Tis not convenient I this Thought retain,
Better ſecure in Ignorance remain;
That might extort an Anſwer might not ſuit
With Virgin Modeſty to hear it out;
Not that his Anſwer ought to queſtion'd be,
But in Retortion to what came from me;
I had as good ſince I'm ne're like to know,
With equal Gratitude my thanks beſtow;
And own this Life (which they did both preſerv
Their Intereſt always ready to obſerve,
As far as Maids with Modeſty can ſerve:

To Firſt and Laſt, to Laſt and Firſt be then
Such thanks repaid as to Uncommon Men.

On our Preſent Enjoyments.

UNhappy Man who knows not how to prize
Preſent Enjoyment; but what before him flies
He chaſes, and purſues with eager haſt,
But when o'rtaken, 'tis like Pleaſures paſt,
And through the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſion grow
As weary of them, as they're welcome now;
Oh wondrous Man! that boaſts of Reaſon's Power,
Yet can't obſerve its Dictates for an hour.

On Paſſion.

PAſſion, thou black Poſſeſſor of the Soul,
From what Foul Region didſt thou take thy flight?
Avoid, thou Fiend, do not my Peace controul,
But creep in Cavernes black as darkeſt Night;

And as thy Pedigree came firſt from Hell,
There take thy reſidence and for ever dwell.
Whilſt I ſit eaſie with a Brow ſerene,
Unmov'd by any violence of Fate,
Admiring thoſe who keep not in this meen,
And ſo command my Love as well as Hate.

On my having the Small Pox

CRuel Diſeaſe, I prithee why to me
So wondrous kind? Why this Civility?
It was a Favour I did ne'er expect,
When e'er my Stars to me did you *direct*;
Thou that art oft ſo fatal to our Sex
And doſt the Faireſt Faces ſo *perplex*,
How came thy Hand ſo ſoftned to my Skin?
Have I done ought that might thy Favour win?
My Pen ne'er wrote, nor Tongue thy Praiſes ſpoke,
Neglect, I ſee, does not thy wrath provoke;
Let me adviſe thee, for the future be
As kind to all the Sex, as thou'rt to me;

ne ſingle Charm but loſt, we are Undone,
hoſe fleeting Joys, our Lovers ſtrait are gone:
nd if our Reign we loſe, we ſoon ſhall find
horrid *Common-Wealth* amongſt Mankind.
ch Man will be a Monarch to his Will,
nd think each ſingle Glance enough to kill.
o, let's continue our Imperious Reign,
nd when we pleaſe to Frown, a Lover's ſlain.
olleys of Frowns we will to *Lewis* give;
nt on our Armies ſmile to make them live;
hen with our Warlike Heroes we may vie,
hey Conquer by the Sword, we by the Eye:
herefore when-e'er our ſofter Skins you *trace*,
ave mercy on the Beauties of the Face;
But on Mankind thy rugged Footſteps ſet
We Women like not Men Effeminate,
And you, Diſeaſe, can't hurt the Men of Wit.
And now I thank you, dear Diſeaſe, for all
Thoſe Marks of Favour, and I ever ſhall,
Since you have been ſo very much my Friend,
Be your moſt humble Servant to command.

AN

EPITHALAMIUM

ON

Lady MARY OBRION.

AWake ye Mortals, be not loſt
In Amorous Dreams, or reſtleſs Slumbers toſt,
But all attend on this Victorious Pair,
In ſmiling Triumph to the Temple lead,
Let no forſaken Virgin now appear,
But Lovers leave their murmuring Sighs,
And clear up their deſpairing Eyes,
Each one may like this Happy-Brave ſucceed
With his aſſiduons care,
Mean time, each ſtrive to Celebrate,
And ſing theſe Happy Lovers Fate.

n Univerſal Good by Heav'n deſign'd
o match the Living-Beauties of the Mind,
nd multiply new Bleſſings on Mankind.
Joy to the Bright *Eugenia*'s choice;
et always Pleaſures on her wait;
May ſoft *Courtillo*'s charming Voice,
e all the Matrimonial Noiſe
Her gentler Ear ſhall *grate*;
nd if there be no Wedlock without ſtrife,
Let Love the ſweet Contention be,
And to compleat their Happy Life,
ay they their Image in their Off-ſpring ſee.

---

n the Worthy Doctor H . . . .

PErmit me, Sir, among a thouſand more
That do the Name of mighty *H.* adore,
o bring my humble Muſe within your view,
nd pay the Tribute to your Merit due.
Tis not in hopes my own applauſe to raiſe,
Who ſeek no other Glory than your Praiſe;

For 'tis not flights of Wit your Worth can prize,
Too weak Efforts, by which your Name muſt riſe,
Your Self can beſt your Self immortallize.
No elevated Thought of Pregnant Brain,
(Unleſs by Gods inſpir'd) can e'er maintain,
Fit Numbers to repeat your growing Fame.
Theſe forward *Droppings* you muſt pardon then,
The zealous Error of my Untaught Pen;
And give me leave to vent ſome Thoughts abroad,
Which over-run each other in the Crowd;
You'l ſuffer here as Hero's at their Death,
Whoſe Glory's leſſen'd by too common Breath;
And yet each buſie Fool in Ruſtick Senſe,
Shews admiration in Impertinence.
If you ſo Strong our brittle Frame cement,
As not to turn to its Firſt * Element,
And by your wondrous Art the Body ſave
From the cold Boſom of the gaping Grave.
All ſure muſt wiſh whene'er their Pulſes ceaſe,
Your Hands may huſh them to Eternal Peace;
And if the Dead you can Preſerve ſo well,
What wonders may the Living of you tell?

* *Who Pr*
ſerved an
natomy wi
the Fleſh.

by Experience Summon'd to *Reveal*
Your generous Favours with Profoundeſt Skill:
Muſt own that Health which the kind Gods have given,
Below, the only antipaſt of Heaven;
That bounteous Bleſſing they did once afford
You their great Agent have again reſtor'd,
For which may all the Bleſſings that Deſcend
On happy Mortals, ſtill on you attend;
In all your Mighty undertakings may
Succeſs ſtill wait on each Important day;
May you in all your wiſht Amours ſucceed,
And if there be one Nimph for which you Bleed,
(If you in all the Sex can find you Fair,
That may deſerve your Wiſhes or your Care)
May ſhe with Charming Modeſty be kind,
And Virtue be the Dowry of her Mind;
May Beauty, Youth, and Humour, all agree,
And Wit make up the pleaſing Harmony;
May all theſe Charms ſtill court each ſofter Hour,
Whene'er the God deſcends to ſhew his pow'r;
May you with Joys ſubſtantial ſtill be Crown'd,
And be as Happy as you are Renown'd.

AN

ELEGY

On Mr. J. S.

Muſick-Man at the Act at Oxford, 169 *who was reported to be killed by Hig Way-men.*

OH diſmal Day! Black as the Indian dye,
'Twas juſter Fate decreed it, or elſe I
Should curſe the Hour that brought it to my Eye.
For gone's that bravely Bold and Vent'rous Youth,
Who in this Age ev'n dar'd to ſpeak the Truth;
And not long ſince in *Roſtrum* brought to light,
The deeds of many done in darkeſt night.
'Tis he whoſe ſtrength of Words did batter down,
Vices of either Petticoat or Gown,
From Weakeſt to beſt Fortify'd in Town.

Lovely Youth! *Oxford* muſt be to you
bted ſtill for Virtues that enſue,
oſe Theatre St. *Mary*'s can out-do.
ſure muſt mourn at thy Untimely Fate,
rime of Years pluckt from a good Eſtate;
going to reap the Fruit his Father ſow'd,
th Cropt him with the Scyth he ſhould have mow'd.
poor Man! the *Kentiſh* Ladies cry,
Iriſh Teagues o're his Dead Body ſigh,
e does the Hope of many a Virgin lie.
landſome Proper Man, and Brave Eſtate,
cruel Highway-men! Oh barbarous Fate!
ſince he's gone, and Sorrow can't retrieve
fleeting Soul, why ſhould we longer Grieve?
let us by a Nobler method try,
make his Name live to Eternity;
at were a Subject would ev'n *Creech* provoke,
Grief did not his lofty Fancy choke:
we're my weaker Pen muſt give it o'er,
ho only can this ſuddain Loſs deplore,
d pray that Heav'n afflict us ſo no more.

THE PROPHESIE

FAte has a Leaf of her large Book turn'd o
A Leaf which I ne'er read but once befor
And yet a Leaf I fain would read once more.
When firſt I look'd on this Myſterious ſide,
Which treated of how Hearts to Hearts were ty'
Within a ſhort Parentheſis I read,
To Whom and When *Melinda* was to Wed:
Very well pleas'd at her good Fortune, I
A little farther caſt my wand'ring Eye;
To ſee, if in that ſide it did not ſhow
If Marriages e'er by Succeſſion go;
If ſo, then next *Idumia* Hymen ſings,
But Fate clapt up her Book, and ty'd the Strings
And did for this Inquiſitive Offence,
Bind me Apprentice to ſev'n Years ſuſpence;

hat expir'd, ſhe out her Folio brought,
believ'd to ſatisfie each Thought;
ch did like Ladies Common-Pray'r-Books, all
lace of Matrimony open fall:
e next Paragraph ſhe let me know,
Marriage did not by Succeſſion go;
thoſe who beſt could Love, and without Strife,
d be content to make Intrigue for Life;
Aſtragon was next in Regiſter,
ppy Union too it did aver:
leſs pleas'd than at the time before,
g'd ſhe would let me look a little low'r;
ſhe refus'd and ſhut her Book up vext,
only anſwer'd, I ſhould not be next;
live a Virgin ſev'n Years longer yet,
en wed a Man of Money, and no Wit.
uſt confeſs, the Anſwer did ſurprize,
ſtartle all m' interiour Faculties;
muſt I then an Aged Maiden grow?
hich in this Age is ſo reproachful too;
for a Fool to wait, I could diſpence
he Patriarch's time, wer't for a Man of Senſe.

To

To ſeize the Jilt I ſcarcely could forbear,
Or this curs'd Leaf out of her Book to tear;
But that I found ſome Juſtice on her ſide,
When Fool I thought on, thus I ſtrait reply'd,
A Fool indeed, whoe'er makes me his Bride;
He by his choice ſoon to the World will ſhow,
Whether he be'nt a Fool in grain or no:
But while black Paſſion did my Thoughts engage,
Fate ſmil'd at my Unprofitable rage,
And with a ſcornful Jeering ſort of Scoff,
Took up her dark Decrees and ſo march'd off.

A SONG.

I.

Forbear fair Nymph a while to Scorn
Injoy your Youth and Love,
Ere think thoſe Beauties with you born
Will Everlaſting prove.

II.

Time paſſes ſwiftly by your Eye,
And Day each Day does chace,
And tho' unſeen to you they Fly:
I ſee it in your Face.

III.

Think what your Slights to me have done:
Think e're your Beauty's paſt,
Think how thoſe Years, that o'er you run,
Will leave ſome Track at Laſt.

IV.

And when old Age and Wrinkles come,
True Antidote to Love,
Remember *Cloë* what you've done
And from Mankind remove.

An Anſwer to a SONG

I.

'TIs a Silly miſtake
That Riches can Speak;
Or e're for good Rhetorick paſs;
To a Fool I confeſs
Your Gold may addreſs,
Where the Maſter's an abſolute Aſs.

II.

But to Women of Senſe,
'Tis a Sordid pretence:
That a Golden Effigies can move Her;
No Face on the Coin
Can be half ſo Divine,
As that of a Faithful young Lover.

III.

But Men when they Love
Their Paſſion to prove,
om the Court, to the Dull Country Novice;
To the Fair they're ſo kind,
Firſt to Fathom her mind,
Next ſearch the Prerogative Office.

IV.

No *Imprimis* I give,
Then the Fair one they leave,
otwithſtanding the Strong Proteſtation;
Till the Lady diſcovers
No Fortune, no Lovers,
nd draws off Her fond Inclination.

On Mr. Finger's *Muſick in* Anatomiſt, *or* Sham-Doctor

Silence Ye meaner Spirits of the Air,
The Gods themſelves do give attention
And with new pleaſure ceaſe the Spheres above,
And wonder at our harmony of Love:
Our Second *Orpheus* does the Firſt excel,
This Charms the Heavens, no ſcornful Maid in
His Conſort's too Divine for Stone or Wood,
And by the Gods alone is Underſtood;
In vain are all Poetick Flights to ſhow
The Mighty Raptures which we find Below.
Tranſported from my Self, I'd quit each Sen
If in exchange I Hearing could Commence;
And when my Soul Returns I fall to Rhimes,
And Bleſs the happy *Orpheus* of our Times.

On a Steel Pen *with a* Cupid *Engraven on the Top.*

GO tell Young *Damon* he has *nibb'd* my Pen
So ſoft, that it muſt never write to Men;
nd tho' the Error was too harſh before,
o Err in Softneſs needs muſt make it more,
hen *Coridon* firſt gave this pointed Steel,
could not Love, that mighty Fault reveal,
t well Inſtructed by the Hand that gave,
ike him it taught the Vertue to be Brave;
t as the Fineſt things do firſt decay,
heedleſs Swain ſoon ſtole the Gift away,
nd on't impris'd a *Cupid Cap a pee*,
ounding a Heart, the very Heart of me;
atal Reſemblance! Since it did forebode
real mischief from the Angry God;

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ounding a Heart, the very Heart of me;
atal Reſemblance! Since it did forebode
real mischief from the Angry God;

He need not fly through Woods and Groves to me,
Nor ſhoot ſo oft, one was as well as three,
Where Eyes can wound there needs no Deity.
'Tis ſtrange, the Mettal of my Pen's the ſame
With that which Love does all his Arrows frame,
But ſtill this mighty Difference remains,
That gives the Wound, when mine will eaſe the pain
In *Vulcan*'s Forge much hardneſs they require,
My Pen is ſoftned by a Gentler fire;
Beat out by cruel *Cyclops* are his Darts,
Mine by a Softer hand and tender Art,
To tell the Grief, when t'other gives the Smart.
Blame not my Vertue when I write of Love,
Since by the God himſelf my fingers move.

The Early Amour.

I'VE Loſt much time in Mirth and light Diſcourſe
And ſpent much breath on Lovers and Love
My heart at Fourteen beat up Loves allarms,
And I poor Innocence ſet up for Charms:

E're ſcarce Fifteen to Courtſhip I gave Ear,
Heard all thoſe things which Faithleſs men will Swear,
What I would have I eaſily believ'd,
And with my own conſent too oft Deceiv'd;
I knew thoſe Graces did not in me grow,
Yet thought 'twas fine that they ſhould tell me ſo,
And did believe their Heart and Tongue enclin'd,
To prove it was no Fiction, Love was Blind.
At Sixteen years I grew extreamly Coy,
And what a Lover ask'd ſure to deny;
When in my Praiſe their ſtock of Wit they ſpent,
And in full *Gales* of Sighs their Paſſion vent,
I ſeem'd all Ignorant of what they meant.
If e're by ſtealth they have my Fingers preſt,
I learn'd my very Fingers to reſiſt;
Thus I ran on nor ſtopt my full career,
Till looking back at Twenty ſmiling Year,
At once I found my Error, their Deceit,
Their falſe Inſinuations, and my Fate;
But now ſo hardned am to all their crys,
Their far fetcht Flights, feign'd Tears and Amorous (ſighs,

That all the ways found out, by ſubtil Man,
Could never make me Credit them again:
Thus did I ſpend my Gayity and Youth,
And found in none but *Strephon* Love and Truth;
For he ſuch Faith and Conſtancy has ſhown,
As would for all the Sexes Crimes attone.
And now as free as Mountain Air I move,
My mind not *Sully'd* with the thoughts of Love;
And tho' my Ears too Credulous have been,
My Heart was always Innocent within;
And as it hitherto has been my Guard,
Prudence ſhall now aſſiſt to keep the Ward:
Thus my Lifes Scene I'le happily compleat,
Learn how to hold my Tongue and be Diſcreet.

Antonio *to* Lucinda *after a Pr*
ſent of her Hair.

RIch Diadems let haughty Monarchs wear,
I'm prouder in *Lucinda*'s brighter Hair;

Their thoughtful brows let that vile Mettal bind,
That of all ill's the Fruitful cauſe we find:
More pretious Wealth does round my Temples play,
Which *Phœbus* would prefer to *Daphné's* Bay.
Not Eaſtern Groves ſuch fragrant Odours yield,
When wanton *Zeph'rus* fans the Spicy Field;
Nor does the Sun that endleſs Spring of light,
Shed threads of Gold ſo tender, and ſo bright,
So wondrous fine, ſo Charming to the ſight.
Princes may boaſt of Fleets with Treaſures fraught,
And Ill-got Wealth from diſtant Nations brought;
More happy I (with Reverence be it ſaid)
To whom the Faireſt Nymph our Iſle e're bred,
Lucinda, pays the Tribute of her Head.

The Hypocrite.

TO him that Slights me I Incline,
And you that Love me ſhun,
Compell'd by Fate, no fault of mine,
I to my Ruine run.

Could I unruly Fancy guide,
My thoughts you would not blame,
Rewarding you ſhould be my Pride,
As Loving him my Shame.

Then do not blame a Nymph, that grieves
Your Merit can't prevail,
Till time and chance our hopes relieves,
Your care and mine is vain.

ON

LUCINDA's

Going to the Indies *to be Married.*

WELL ſince 'tis ſo, come hither all, oh come,
And with me read, as if it were your doom
For gone's *Lucinda*, with her all is gone,
That Vertue, or that Goodneſs e're put on,
Then gone's my Light, gone is my all, my Sun,
My life's extinguiſht e're it was begun;

Sun,

Sun, Moon and Stars if they together joyn,
Are all dull Meteors when compar'd to mine:
And without her, what e're they here call bright,
Shines but enough to ſhew me it is night;
But oh She's gone! alas for ever gone
And left me grov'ling in the Dark alone.
But ſtay Ye Gods! I at a Diſtance ſee
A glimpſe of light, by Heav'ns it muſt be She!
Then level all; Hills into Vales remove
'Tis Love that drives, and all muſt yield to Love.
'Tis She, but oh! what mean theſe mighty Fears?
She in a Ship? the Kingdom all in Tears?
As quick as thought I thro' the World will range,
To know the Meaning of this mighty Change:
O wretched Iſle with me this Loſs bemoan,
The only Jewel in the Crown is gone;
She from the Center flung her Rays about,
But now She's gone they are for ever out.
But ſtay let's think, where can this Light be gone?
Perhaps to *Greenland*, there's but little Sun;
Or elſe yet farther, where the *Serpents* rowl,
Under the *Center* of the freezing *Pole*.

No, no, She's gone to help, at laſt I've gueſt,
The *Aged* Sun in his ariſing Eaſt,
And there to make a Matrimonial Feaſt.
For ſince he's old, 'tis fit we there ſhould place,
And get a Son for to maintain the Race;
Well may the *Indies* now of Treaſure boaſt,
For in ſhort time 'twill all Land on their Coaſt.
O Alteration! O what Change I find!
Since She is gone, if I muſt ſtay behind.
I whilſt with her did all their *Pelf* deſpiſe,
But for the Future will their Treaſure prize,
And to her Shrine offer up Sacrifice.
And this to Heav'n ſhall be my fervent Pray'r,
That over her it have peculiar Care:
And thou great *Neptune* of the mighty Deep,
Her Ship from Storms and Rocks in ſafety keep;
Call all your Sea Nymphs, let your Syrens ſee,
That on her Bark, they all *Attentive* be.
When on the Waves tempeſtuous Storms *there are*
And *Sol* can't lend one Beam to guild the Air,
Set o're her Ship a Sky ſerene and clear.

en let your Dolphins all their Muſick bring,
d as ſhe ſails, glide gently by and *ſing*.
ne'er till now the Ocean ever bore,
Great, ſo Good, ſo rich a Prize before;
you'd have done, but oh! I can't forbear,
great's your Charge, and great muſt be your Care:
herefore great God of all the Foaming Main,
aft her o're Safe, Safe bring her back again.

On the Death of My Little Niece.

MIrror of Innocence whither art thou fled?
Above the Clouds, or dwell'ſt among the Dead?
; thy ſweet Soul's too Innocent and Bright,
inhabit thoſe Eternal Shades of Night.
av'n is thy bleſt Abode, where thou doſt reign
ith thy Creator, and that numerous train
glorious Saints and Angels, that do ſing
ternal Hallelujahs to their King.

While

While my unhappy Soul is ſtill confin'd
To Sorrow, Sickneſs, and a Troubled Mind;
A Pris'ner kept within its Houſe of Clay,
And with Impatience waits that Happy Day,
When my All-wiſe Creator thus ſhall ſay;
Leave thou thy diſmal Manſion I thee gave,
Which ſhall thy better part no more enſlave,
But as a Prey ſhall ſerve to treat the Grave:
Whilſt thy Diviner part to me ſhall fly,
Where Tears ſhall be a Stranger to thine Eye;
For all that thou didſt ſuffer whilſt beneath,
Was only to obtain this Glorious Wreath,
I, as a Trophee of my Mercy give.
Then, Then my Airy Soul ſhall mount aloft,
Too faſt for ſwifteſt Time, or nimble Thought
To trace the Path, from whence it took its flight
So of its duller Earth it bids good Night;
When thus with fulleſt Joy my Soul's poſſeſt,
And with my glorious Maker's preſence bleſt,
My Soul will then enjoy an Everlaſting Reſt.

On Secret Love.

Ike Secret Love no Pleaſure ſure is known,
When Hearts become *an Undivided one*;
imes a Silent Joy o'er-ſpreads our breaſt,
n delight does all our Mind inveſt:
clouds of Jelouſie do interpoſe,
Saddens all our bleſt and dear Repoſe.
cautious Eye ſtill with our Thought is bent,
hes the Look which to another's ſent;
n every word bears an unuſual ſound,
does our Breaſt with jealous horror wound;
when theſe Lovers meet and Charm the Ill,
did their Mind with *Perturbation* fill;
ainging Souls with new repeated Vows,
lemn Joy mounts o'er their clouded Brows:
catch the coming Joy, and graſp the Prize,
flys with tranſport from each others Eyes;
which truths declare what Tongues conceal,
oſe ſwifter motion all their Thoughts reveal.

The

The Conqueſt.

MAN I deſie, if Hoſtile he appears,
But dread him when he comes with and Tears.
The firſt arms me with Pride and Inſolence,
And puts me in a Poſture of Defence:
The laſt all Rage and Anger does remove;
And only Pity leaves to aid my Love;
To ſee a Man of Courage, Grace, and Wit,
Poorly to weak Womaniſh Tears ſubmit;
Who fears no Wars, nor does a Combat ſhun,
Yet, by Dear Charming Woman is undone:
See at her Feet the Charming Suppliant lies,
Whoſe throbbing Heart ſends moiſture to his Eyes:
There in Pathetick ſounds his Love repeats,
And harden'd Virtue with beſeeching Cheats.

Luc

Lucinda *to her Heart.*

UNgenerous Heart! cou'dſt thou no pity have
Upon thy moſt Obſequious humble Slave;
that Ador'd and Lov'd thee with ſuch Zeal,
hilſt harden'd thou did'ſt no Compaſſion feel;
ou that could'ſt Laugh at all Loves Fooleries,
d took ſound Truth for Perjury and Lyes.
e Sex you did Contemn, nor wou'd believe
e honeſt Demonſtrations he did give:
w thou art met with, Heart, and Fitted too,
ith one that can thy wondrous Pow'r out-do.
d art thou then reſolv'd to fix on one?
at Loves this Minute and the next is gone;
't 'tis no Matter; you but Juſtice have,
u'l find but ſuch returns as once you gave.
u ſcorn'd your Lover when He talkt of Flame
Now you are come I fear to write the ſame;

When

When he e're ſad or Melancholly was,
Ridiculous, you'd cry; what means the Aſs!
Sure he do'nt think that Poſture e're can cha
Such ſolid Coxcombs ne're can do me harm.
A ſpritely Air, an Elevated Wit
He muſt aſſume, e're I can think it fit
This Free-born Soul ſo humbly to Submit.
Fut when this form he took, as men you ſee,
Can *Proteous* like ſoon Metamorphos'd be;
Methought he look'd as if he dar'd his Fate,
And did preſumptiouſly incur my hate:
Thus with contempt I did Mankind defie,
And brav'd thoſe Dangers which are now too
Alas poor Women! thou art ne're Secure,
But muſt Aſſaults and Batteries endure
Of Charming Words, which thrown againſt thy Br
The Invader Love ſoon Plunders all thy reſt.
Did I encourage *Strephon* e're to ſay?
Ten Thouſand things which did my heart betra
His fluent Tongue a Prompter did not want,
That cou'd ask faſter much than I could Grant;

Tongue, his Eyes, each motion Spoke his Love
me, who did the Fatal Object prove;
ou'd I had rather been that of his hate,
en I for ever had been Fortunate:
here Fortunes diſagree, and kindneſs ſhown,
here hearts become an undivided One,
ſuffer Separation then muſt be
e worſt of Ills, that Fate can put on me.
ell———————,
that a Heart ſo fixt as mine can move,
hat my niggard Fortune ſtarves my Love.

On a Smile from Silvia.

LEt th' Ambitious proud with Courtly Toil,
Piſmire like creep on their Golden Soil:
t the Bold Merchant bring the *Indies* home,
d Pave his way with Pearls and Pretious Stone;
t *Heroes* to with Warlike heat inſpir'd,
ght till their Arm has their whole body tir'd:

Whiſt

Whilſt I more High, more Rich, more Laurels
When I one Smile from *Silvia* can obtain:
For ſuch a Favour I an Age cou'd wait,
Tho' from that hour my ruine took its date.
If e're I am Ambitiouſly inclin'd,
It muſt a Smile in *Silvia's* Face to find,
Pride conſequently then muſt ſeize my mind.
A Merchant ſure with ſuch a Treaſure ſtor'd,
Wou'd be more worth than *Indies* can afford;
How gladly wou'd I tug the lab'ring oar,
To bring ſuch Jewels to our Engliſh ſhore?
Bold and Heroick too I'de fight the Prize,
For the half ſhut of *Silvia's* Mouth and Eyes:
Proud with the Conqueſt I'de up Laurels root,
And in them wreathed be from Head to Foot.
For this———
A King might leave His Throne with good pretence,
And yet not leſſen his Magnificence.

A SONG.

AH Cruel Nymph Reſign reſign
That Stony Adamantine Heart,
nd give it in exchange for Mine,
Mine that is Soft in every Part;
or You alas have wondrous Skill,
And can more than Magicians do,
or with your Eyes you Wound and Kill,
And Syren like you Charm me too.

ut how can I attempt that Breaſt?
Warm'd with Seraphick Fire,
hat with Divinity's Poſſeſt,
And Heavenly thoughts inſpire;
may as well the Winds Purſue,
When they their Breezes on me caſt,
atch 'em and think they are my due,
When they alas are but a Blaſt.

On Friendſhip.

FRiendſhip! that Sound does all my Senſes Charm
And does my Soul with generous Paſſion warm
That Name of Friend a pleaſing Accent bears,
And Crowns my Life, and Conquers all my Fears.
For if there be a Happineſs on Earth?
'Tis to a Friend, to give our Sorrows Birth.
A Friends a Cordial when our Spirits ſink,
Which ſaves our Bodies on the tott'ring brink,
Who leaves no Thought unroul'd in his great Mind
Nor to the Limit of a Sum's confin'd.
Theſe are the Marks of Friendſhip, and were I
Either to have no Friend, or elſe to Die,
I'd quit the World and Generouſly looſe
That Life that muſt a Dearer Friend refuſe.

THE RESOLUTION.

ALas! how ſoon are Maids undone?
When Men their Love impart,
Charming Muſick of their Tongue,
es many a Virgins Heart.
ſad Experience this I know,
en *Strephon* firſt did Love,
what ſoft tender things he'd Vow,
to Compaſſion move.
ſit and Gaze out all his hours,
Sigh out all his Words;
Swear by the Almighty Pow'rs,
all that Heav'n affords.
kt the Poyſon at his Lip,
Drank it from his Eyes;
it in every Vain did creep,
did my heart Surprize.

Sweet was the *Draught* while he was true,
Till he his Vows did break;
Love from my Breaſt like Lightning flew,
And in my Eyes did ſpeak.
The Bluſhes then did leave my Face,
My Wounds encreas'd their ſmart;
My Blood ran ſwift from ev'ry place,
To guard my Fainting heart.
Go Perjur'd wretch *be gone* I cry'd,
Since you can uſe me *thus*;
That you may ever be deny'd,
Shall always be my Curſe.

On Mellena's *abſenting her* *a whole day when I was Si*

MEllena can no longer boaſt,
Of conſtant Love to me;
I look upon that Heart as loſt,
That once can abſent be.

eart that loves, admits no Stay,
But ſoon will paſſage get;
n Locks nor Bolts do keep the way,
The Paſſion can't be great.

're made thoſe *Harangues* of Love,
Nor ſigh'd ſo much as She;
yet I find a Softneſs move,
Beyond what hers can be.

I my Liberty like her,
I'de not ſuch diſtance keep;
I no one like her preſer,
None wounds my Soul ſo deep.

Upon a Preſent of Fruit ſent me by an unknown Hand ſuſpecting it came from Mellena.

THe Gift was tart, but kind was the Intent,
I'm ſure I took it ſo how e're 'twas meant.

The Gift was grateful, and *if Right I Gueſs*,
The Giver needs muſt find the ſame ſucceſs:
Tell her I will not of her Preſent Taſt,
Till with her Company I firſt am Bleſt.
Grant me but always that, I ask no more,
Nor will I envy Miſers with their Store:
Nor Crowns nor Scepters, which I deem as
When but compar'd to our indulgent Joys.

A SONG.

ASk me no more why I am ſwell'd with
Since daily crowds of ſtrong inſulting
Harangue my melting Soul,
To all the ſoftneſs of a Love-ſick
That I *Myrtilla* Lov'd I ever knew,
But Thought withall *Myrtilla* too was True,
For with ſuch art ſo kind ſhe ſeem'd
That I for ever, ever could have
For 'twas all Viſion that my Senſe took in,
Charm'd to a Slumber by her Wit and Mein.

Upon the Sudden Change of Capadora's Brow. By I. S. Eſq;

ONce I beheld her (Pardon me the Sin
Of boldly Contemplating things Divine;)
As in a Trance She ſeems, nor looks nor minds
The leaſt Diverſion, tho' among her Friends.
I watch'd and wonder'd till by by ſwift ſurpriſe,
Her Elevated Brow roſe o're her Eyes;
This done; She ſoon return'd (to'r Self and us)
Excellent Company———————
———————But why was it thus?
Why moves her fair Brow after ſuch a pauſe?
I find this is and only this the Cauſe.
Her ſerious Soul an Emiſſary ſends,
To viſit Angels her Celeſtial Friends;

With whom She conſtant holds intelligence,
Sends often thither, and hears oft from them
Her looks a while are Grave, her Voice is mu
Her Soul with it's own thoughts b'ing in diſpo
Till on a ſudden in its errand taught,
Thorow the Window of her Eye is brought,
Now Pearching on her Brow a Winged Thought
Some ſhort Ejaculation ſure it is,
To ſtop ſome Evil or procure ſome Bliſs;
Delaying there a while as if, 'twou'd ſee
On her fair Face Heav'n in Epitome:
Or elſe as other Travellers will do,
Firſt in the Map, ſee Countries where they go.
Or if by a Pardonable error took,
Heav'n really to be in her dear look;
Shrowding into her Brow, as the Beſt place,
Taking her Eye to be the Throne of Grace:
Nor can I blame the Spirit, ſince Thouſands
Miſtaken in a Way not half ſo Fair;
But by our Company b'ing undeceiv'd,
It upward ſprung and left her brow new wa
You may have ſeen a Bough (where *Philomel*

er her warbling Muſick bids farewel
pairing to her Mates) bend to expreſs
grateful Complement to her parting Gueſts,
v'd by the preſſure of her Springing Shanks
e yielding Twig pays in that motion thanks.
Capadora's Pray'r to Heav'n aſpir'd,
hile the Miſterious motion we admir'd.

A SONG.

FArewel my only Joy, Farewel,
How I have Lov'd thee, only I can tell;
en welcome Death, ſince *Strephon*'s loſt,
me haſt me to th' *Elyzian* Coaſt.
nſeleſs and Pale, there lay me down,
ith this Inſcription o're my Tomb:
ay, Reader, ſtay be not afraid,
ere lies the Conſtant, Conſtant Virgin Dead.

On

On Intreſt.

NO, no, 'tis Intreſt now the World does
And Intreſt we more than our King Ob
What is't for Intreſt Men won't Gladly do?
Mortgage their Souls and *Glorious* Heav'n forego.
Man for his Intreſt will his Friend Betray,
If once Almighty Intreſt leads the Way.
Beauty and Wit are now eſteem'd no more,
In the Fair *Sex* without the Golden Ore;
But be ſhe once Poſſeſt with Bags of Gold,
No matter whether She's Ugly or Old;
A Whore, or Baud, or a Chimny-Sweepers Daugh
There's ne're a Beau in Town but ventures at he
Poor Muckworm, Animals bred by the *Sun*,
Go and Adore the *Dunghil* whence you *Sprung*:
Go ſee if there you find true Happineſs,
Or hope hereafter for Eternal Bliſs.

While my Sublimer Thoughts to Heav'n I raiſe,
And will for what I'njoy my Maker praiſe;
Content and Eaſie with my little Store,
Secure of that, ne're wiſhing to have more.

On Happineſs.

NO, 'tis Illuſion all, there ne're was yet,
True Happineſs on this Dull Earth,
We think it is compriz'd in Wit,
But that firſt gives our Sorrows Birth.
For we might much more Happier be,
Cou'd we no Diſtinction make;
Did not theſe Mortal Eyes once ſee:
What difference 'twixt Sleep and Wake.
The Eye our Reaſon does miſlead,
In fixing it on things Below;
Our Reaſon follows but its Guide,
Which left, it might Immortal Grow.
Turn then thy wandring Balls to Heav'n,
'Tis there from whence true Joys do Flow,

Let

Let from this World thy thoughts be Driv'n,
If thou true Happineſs wilt know.

On my Fate.

WEll! ſince 'tis ſo, ſo let it ever be,
I hate the World as much as that doe
A Sawſy, Proud, Inſulting World,
Let it be to Confuſion hurl'd;
'Twill be but what it was, a Sorded thing,
Till thrown in order by our Heav'nly King.
What can there be to make me Covet it?
Not Wealth, nor Beauty, but Sublimer Wit.
Grant me that Wiſh and I will envy none,
No not the greateſt Monarch on his Thorne.

On a Gentleman taking a Pocket-Glaſs from Lucinda, *ſent it back with this Following Apology.*

I Purpos'd, Madam, for my part,
To take your Glaſs and leave my Heart;
But leaſt you think th' Exchange too Small,
I've left your Glaſs my Heart and all.
If of my Service you'll allow,
I'le come to Church, but pray to you;
And thank with all the kinder Powers,
That made me Paſſionately yours.

The

The Penitent.

GReatGod! when Sullen darkneſs Crowns th' Air
With Horror, then O let me not Deſpair
Of thy dear Preſence, but for ever be
A Shield between my diſmal Faults and me,
Faults did I ſay, nay Crimes of Blackeſt dy,
Crimes for which I in Juſtice ought to Die.
And when my Temples ſhadow'd are with Sleep,
Let Angels my unguarded Genious keep:
And watch my Thoughtleſs and depraved Will,
From preſent Dangers, and from future Ill.
This grant Eternal Being and my days
I'le ſpend in Singing thy Eternal Praiſe.

Lifes Happineſs.

HE that can leave the ſolid Joys of Life,
The charming Bleſſings of a Virtuous Wife,

hoſe chearful Brow and ſoft Endearments give,
h Bliſs, as none but happy Men Receive:
hoſe kind Diſcretion ſtems the Tide of Love,
d makes it with more laſting Pleaſure move,
hoſe Hony-Moon ever at Full remains,
at don't begin with Horns nor end in Wanes;
hoſe mutual Hearts ſuch Halcion Minutes bring,
make their Lives gay as the Infant Spring;
ch Souls are calm, Love ſweetens all their cares,
d Crowns their Life, and Conquers all their fears.
that in one may find ſuch Charms, and yet
r want of Fortune his Lov'd Miſtreſs quit,
does from Fate her utmoſt Rage deſerve,
ho will to pleaſe his Pride his Pleaſure ſtarve.
ant me, ye Gods, ſuch ſolid Joys to prove!
Deſart's Heaven with the Nymph I Love:
ent to walk within our ſafe retreat,
Aged Oak ſhou'd be my Manſion ſeat;
hoſe lofty *Structure* Heaven alone can raiſe,
d ſtands a laſting Monument of Praiſe;
Name more Ancient Pedigree does know;
r better Arms, no Heraldry can ſhow:

Under

Under whoſe reverend Branches I ſhould be,
More happy in the Converſe of my She,
Than Heir Apparent of the Family.
From thence derive my Happineſs and Fame,
Contents th' additional Title to my Name:
Let the Ambitious toil away their Prime,
And purchaſe Riches with their Loſs of Time;
Let them Drudge on, fatigue their Life away,
Look Old with Care, and in their Youth Decay
While I in lower Station live and move,
Enough's ſufficient, where the Want's not Love.

A SONG.

IT is a Sin for Maids to Love,
At leaſt to tell their Flame;
Tho' mine an Angry God wou'd move,
And make a Tyrant tame.

Yet I've that Pride within my Breaſt,
That will my Love conceal;

ho' twere to gain an Age of reſt,
One thought would not reveal.

t he I Love is gay and young,
Has all the Charms of Youth;
nd I'd conſent to be undone,
Had he but Love and Truth.

ll ſtill in ſecrecy love on,
And hug my pleaſing Chain;
ince ſuch a Charmer put it on,
Tho't gives perpetual pain.

The Vow-Breaker.

THere's nought on Earth ſo falſe can be,
As that Ungrateful, wretched he,
That firſt did break his Faith with me.

He muſt be Damn'd of conſequence,
ince he ſtill heightens his offence,
With Crimes of feigned Innocence.

By all that's Sacred, juſt or true,
Each day did he with Oaths purſue
His Love, and Vow'd it conſtant too.

Upon Inconſtancy.

IT is but juſt, a Conſtant heart
Shou'd for its Vertue *Suffer*;
Or Martyrdom muſt be the Part,
Of ev'ry Faithful *Lover*.
A Paſſion ſo refin'd as Love,
Is purify'd by *Flame*;
And 'tis the ſureſt way to prove,
A Love the moſt *Sublime*.
This makes our Sex ſo *Generally*,
By Art Mankind to try;
To find a Lover that may be
Said for their ſakes to die.
Indeed of old it was the Fate,
Of ſome to die for Love;

rom their Cuſtoms *derogate*,
othing old approve.
hink Inconſtancy no Crime,
'tis a Vice in Faſhion;
Perjury is in our time,
Crying Sin o'th' Nation.

An Elevated Thought.

D Say my Soul, for ſure I long to know,
When thou ſhalt to thoſe glorious Manſions go;
e Manſions where all Tears are wip'd away,
Night is turn'd to Everlaſting day:
uch a Day, as which no Mortal can,
eive the Glory there reveal'd to Man;
all the borrow'd Joys of fancy'd bliſs,
in the Leaſt deſcribe what Heaven is.
ar e're heard or Tongue did e're impart,
ye e're ſaw, *or entred in the Heart*,
ſplendour of the Beatifick face
ng refulgence on th' Angellick race.

O when will come that ever Glorious day?
When Heav'nly Sounds ſhall to my Ears co
Come thou bleſt Spir't to thy Divine abode,
And Reign for ever with thy King and God
Then ſhall I ſhake off dull Mortallity,
And keep an everlaſting Jubilee.
All Earthly Joys I ſhall at diſtance view,
Thoſe painted Nothings which we all purſu
Fooliſh as falſe, uncertain as they're few.
Contemn theſe gaudy miſchiefs, O my Soul,
And let them not thy Nobleſt part *Contro*
That when thou'rt clear of all this Earthly
May'ſt mount above thy Maker to behold.
But ſtay Deſires, fly not away ſo faſt,
For you have Crimes that will retard your
Seek firſt for Mercy at th' Almighty's Thro
There let thy Pray'r and Penitence attone
For what elſe thou for ever muſt bemoan.

On Mrs. H---- *who bad me Write ſomething of Her.*

Forgive me, Madam, if my Pen expreſs
No other *Rhetorick* than gratefulneſs;
No mighty Flights are to your Merit due,
Might I chooſe a Theme it ſhou'd be you:
Leſt I injure in a Stile too low,
Only ſilent admiration ſhow,
With th' aſtoniſh'd Crowd at diſtance bow.
Mine's a poor, weak, bluſhing, Virgin Pen,
It knows not *Ovid*, *Cicero* or *Ben*,
Whether there be Muſes Nine or Ten;
It knows nothing more than your Command,
Pay its thanks when laſt it kiſs'd your hand.

The Reſignation.

AH! my too rigorous Stars, why do
Impoſe ſuch Contradictions on my
Why did you place me in this little Sphere
To tread th' uneaſie round with ſo much car
Continual Slave to watchfulneſs and fear.
Condemn'd to Nonſence, Pride, Impertinence
Each day contemn'd by thoſe of leſſer Sence,
And ſerve as *Engine* to their Arrogance.
Oh! 'tis a little, ſaucy, Noiſy World,
That has the calmneſs of my Soul *unfurl'd*;
But why ſhou'd I in reſtleſs Paſſion burn?
For what will all to *Diſſolution* turn.
Then each proud Animal that treads the Ear
That pond'rous Maſs of dirt from which they'd
And the Proud fleſh of nicer Mortal muſt
Moulder to Earth and mix with common duſt.
Then who's the Mighty man of Wealth or
Which held the Plo[illegible] or which the Burniſh'd

en there will need no Herald to decide,
ich Blood was beſt, Father or Mothers ſide,
if to Prince or Beggar near Alli'd.
hat great Day 'twill not be underſtood,
o this Man was, but whether Juſt and Good;
en let me not with Heav'n expoſtulate,
r wonder at the Juſt decrees of Fate:
s th' Almighty's Will it ſhould be ſo,
hoſe Breath can make the *Alpian* Mountains bow.
en ceaſe Tempeſtuous Thoughts, be calm and ſtill,
ates the Word, 'tis the Almighty's Will;
ith all ſubmiſſion I, great God, reſign,
thou my Guide, for I am only thine.

A SONG.

YEs there are wonders in his Face,
But in his Converſation more;
h accent carries ſuch a Grace,
poke by an Almighty Pow'r.

When e're he does his Paſſion move,
In awful Thunder 'tis expreſt;
But oh! no Laurel ſhelters Love,
Or Guards a too too willing Breaſt.
But if I e're deceiv'd muſt be,
As ſoon or late all Virgins are;
Strephon's the dear, deceitful he,
For whom (alas) I wou'd deſpair.
The grand *Fatigue* of Faithleſs Love,
I ſhould a Pleaſure call;
None can my Paſſion diſapprove,
When I to Sence a Victim fall.

The Rebel.

MUtinous Heart! why doſt thou ſo moleſt
My all ſerene and ever Peaceful Breaſt
Abroad I've kept thee ſafe from Batteries,
At home ſecur'd thee from all Enemies;
Guarded thee from the never failing Tongue,
(Artillery ſo Fatal to the Young)
That thou my Heart haſt yet eſcap'd the Wrong.

o Tears, nor Oaths, nor Vows did ever move,
y yet Unconquer'd *mighty ſelf* to Love.
d what tho' you no Conqueſt e're did gain?
r *Valour* you with Glory may maintain;
Laurels yet did never Grace your Brow,
illows no Tribute to your Temples owe.
hy will you then, Ungrateful as you are,
aiſe in your own Dominions civil War?
you have your dear Country thus Betray'd,
ou muſt expect that Strangers will Invade;
ay I my ſelf, the Empire will reſign,
o ſome kind Heart now while the Pow'r is mine:
ather than bear unnat'ral Tyranny,
nd by thy Barb'rous beating poorly Die,
will Submit to any Monarchy.
ou may go wander where you will for me,
ake up with any little Fighting he,
r go a Volunteer 'gainſt th' Enemy.
ou may be Welcome in a Fight at Sea,
he Navy has more Rebels there than thee;
ou may like them do well in ſuch a Cauſe,
ho break their own, ſcarce keep anothers Laws.

An

An Acroſtick on Sir J. H

JUſtice and Love, thoſe attributes Divine,
On you deſcend from the *Jeſſian* Line;
Since that bleſt Race, our Records have not kn
Each ſingle Grace ſo much abound in one:
Prophets of old were but the Counter-part,
Here's yet Another after Gods own heart.

Humble and Great are wonders when they joyn,
Each centers here to make your ſtamp Divine;
Reward him Heav'ns with your peculiar Grace,
Number him Chief amongſt thy Choſen Race,
Eternally to view thy Beatifick Face.

A SONG.

WHy is not Wit with Beauty joyn'd?
I hate a Face without a Mind;

If e're I to the Sex ſubmit,
'Twill be to *Cloes* powerful Wit.
For *Celia* tho' divinely Fair,
Art may improve, or Age impair:
'Tis Wit alone my Paſſion moves,
The only thing that time Improves;
The God with Wit muſt Tip his Dart,
And pierce my Ear, to wound my Heart.

To Clemander.

WHy ſhould *Clemander* tax my Breaſt,
With ſo much Cruelty?
Who ne're did yet *Diſturb* your reſt,
By ways of *Subtilty*.

But ſince unhurt you do complain,
True Woman I will prove;
And for your mocking Lovers pain,
I'le try to win your Love.

And

And if within my Snare you get,
As *Maids* ſuch miſchiefs do;
Know then, *Clemander*, all your Wit,
Will not untangle you.

Love is a ſtrange *Pathetick* Power,
All Soon or Late endure;
And gives a Wound in one ſhort Hour,
Which Ages cannot cure.

Therefore take heed to guard your Heart,
When e're you Jeſt with Love;
That may in earneſt give a Dart,
Too *Fatal* to remove.

But if I were the happy She,
Could ſuch a Conqueſt gain;
Believe, *Clemander*, I ſhould be
Proud always to remain

Yours.

The Truth.

I Hate Mankind and all th'accurſed crew,
That Innocent and harmleſs Maids undo;
Their falſe diſſembling Tongues no Woman can
Hear and believe, but ſurely they're undone.
They dreſs up Love with damn'd Inſinuation,
The Modiſh Garb t'undo the whole Creation;
They firſt begin with Madam, I'm your Slave,
And muſt be ſo, ſince Firſt the Wound you gave,
By Heav'ns thoſe Charming Eyes, and You alone
Will claim by due, Mankind to be Your own;
Gods! what a Lovely Brow and Front is there
To look all Dead! Becauſe you will and dare,
An Air ſo Charming and a Mein Divine,
Where Gods and Graces by conſent combine;
To form a Soul adorn'd with Parts, ſhou'd be
By all that's Noble Lov'd by Sympathy:
And ſince you're thus, conſider; 'twill be kind
To think I Love as Honour has deſign'd.

Theſe

Theſe are the large Profeſſions that they make,
Till gaining hopes the *Theſis* they forſake,
The Honour's gone, and Intreſt lies at ſtake.

A SONG.

Damon, in yonder Shady Grove,
Lies that ſuppoſed Deity,
We Shepherds ſtile the God of Love,
And oft do feel, tho' never ſee.
Alas we do Miſtake his Power,
Th' Immortal Tit is now no more.

Jove Angry at his Idle Reign,
Undeify'd the Boy;
Nor will he let him have again,
The Pleaſure to Deſtroy.
So all the World may Live at eaſe,
Lucinda too do what ſhe Pleaſe.

On Mrs D. C.

Ardon me, Madam, that I am inclin'd
To trace the Matchles Vertue of your Mind;
I by ſo Divine a Precedent,
run my ſelf the Glorious way you went.
rder to ſo great an Enterprize,
thoughts ſtrait Mounted to the yeilding Skies;
s in that Sphere, I did your Heart diſcern
lly devoted to *the Great Concern.*
well *Garniſh'd* Temple ſeem'd to me,
or the ever Living Deity.
could th'attonement of my Heart ſuffice,
my paſt Crimes, I'd offer'd Sacrafice;
with Amazement, as I nearer came
r it burn with ſuch Seraphick Flame;
I on Sight grew Warm with ſuch Bright Zeal,
this hour the kindling Influence feel,
mend each day by your Example ſtill.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with ſuch Viſions I my Thoughts
Till I began your better Part to View,
I mean your Godlike Souls more Brighter Po
But loſt my own by Contemplating You
And when retreiv'd, reſolv'd t' attempt no
Such curious ſearch, I gave the Progreſs o'
Content to Imitate you and Adore.

The Choice.

SUre 'tis ſome mighty Ill that I have
To draw this too too fatal ſuffering
For I at Firſt was never Born deſign'd
To Study, watch, or pleaſe anothers Mind:
My humour is unfit for ſuch a task,
Who never Truth with Flattery cou'd Mas
I ne're cou'd Fawn Inveigle, Swear or Lie
Thoſe little arts in Friendſhip all defie,
Whoſe Souls e're *glow'd* with Generoſity;
And mine did ever ſcorn that Sordid end,
That does *Intitle* Intereſt with a Friend.

Well then! Since Honeſt Truth cannot prevail,
And ſoft complyance not at all avail;
What if I (*Stoick* like) ſit calmly down,
Conqu'ring my Paſſions even to a Frown?
Or that perhaps I might the more Offend,
And raiſe the Fury which I wou'd *Suſpend*;
For nothing more offends the Paſſionate,
Than careleſs Silence when they wou'd *Debate*.
O take me hence if this be Living here;
Slave to Contention, Diſcontent and Fear;
Or ſend me to ſome Lonely Rural Seat,
Far from the Noiſe of the Contentious Great;
There let me live with ſome Dear Charming She,
From Buſineſs, Pride, or Affectation free,
Loving her, She only Loving me.

A SONG.

OFt has he Swore, and I as oft believ'd
For with that Tongue the World might be deceiv'd;

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Loving her, She only Loving me.

A SONG.

OFt has he Swore, and I as oft believ'd
For with that Tongue the World might be deceiv'd;

But now too plainly I the cheat deſcry,
And will our Sexes cunning uſe;
Next Minute he pretends to die,
That minute I'le the Fop refuſe.

When in feign'd Raptures I *Courtillo* ſee
Burn in that fire which he deſign'd for me;
Revenge not Love augmeuts the Flame
With ſcorn of my too deadly hate,
Will make the Mighty Lover tame,
When dying won't recal his Fate.

Then die ingrate *Courtillo* if you pleaſe,
And when the Pangs of Death do ſeize;
Remember how your *ſly Deceit*
Has rackt the poor *Lucinda*'s Breaſt,
Think Heaven will repay the Cheat,
And never give the Perjur'd reſt.

AN ACCROSTICK ON E. I. *Eſq.*

Mbelliſhment adds nothing to that Name,
Diſtinction ſets above the Reach of Fame:
ilſt brighter Nature circles o're your brow,
is an uſeleſs Shine that Light to ſhow;
h Vertue reigns in each accompliſh'd part,
ells in your Breaſt and Triumphs in your Heart.
pire me (Muſe) with ſomething Juſt to ſay,
not his Honour by your dull delay;
d round his Temples Lawrels, Myrtle, Bayes,
ld to his wondrous Merit mighty praiſe.

To a Young Lady juſt before Her Marriage.

FAir Lovely Maid, permit my Muſe to Sh
And in your Mighty Joys a Part to bear;
She muſt be more than Pleas'd if you are ſo,
But ah! the wondrous Bleſſings you beſtow,
He who Poſſeſſes you can only know.
The Envied happy He of all Mankind,
To whom Heaven has the Faireſt Nimph aſſign
With all her brighter Treaſury of Mind.
Go, and be happy, as your Loves can make,
And if he give ſuch Bleſſings as he take,
You muſt have Joys too great for humane Senſ
And Immortality on Earth Commence;
If Divine pleaſure we below would prove,
It muſt be in Sincere and Mutual Love.
Where Love rides Admiral Tempeſts never ri
His Days are Halcion, all Serene his Skys;

ch may you find, and ſuch for ever keep,
ill calm your Paſſage o're the Stormy Deep;
hes of Joy to you are Needleſs here
o poſſeſs more than what a Wiſh can bear.
may they ever laſt without Decreaſe,
r may your Love but with your Pulſes ceaſe.

To Strephon.

THIs Pitty Converſe ſuch as yours ſhould be,
Excluded when the ends Civility
endſhip 'tis true, too often's a Pretence
cheat a Poor unwary Innocence;
t ſhe whoſe ſome experience has made wiſe,
ews well the mighty Fantome in Diſguiſe,
arks all her paths which do to Honour lead,
nd knows the Borrow'd *Juno* e're ſhe's Fled;
ith theſe diſcerning Eyes I find in you,
he real Honour, from the ſeeming true;
nd only Grieve I cannot pay in kind
hat Generous Civility I find.

Some Words ſent me by an Unknown Hand.

WOman the Happy pledge of Heavens goo
Woman the Perfect product of it's Skil
'Tis Woman all our happy hours employ,
Woman the Center of all Earthly Joy.
And yet were I, all ſhe is or can,
I would not ceaſe to be that Creature Man;
Man as I am, ſo Man I ſtill would reſt,
I would be Man to be by Woman bleſt.

The Wiſh.

COuld poor *Lucinda* have her Wiſh,
It ſhould be bounded all in this,
Might She in quietude poſſeſs
A Friend and Book both good and true;

he would to Crowns prefer her Bliſs,
nd bid the Falſer Sex adieu.

Writ in a Lady's Pocket Book.

TO Speak my Love I want an *Ovid*'s Tongue,
And *Cicero*'s Pen would do your Merit wrong,
o weak alas is Rhetorick to prove,
low much you Merit, or how much I Love.

The Farewel by Mr. I. W.

Now at our Farewel, Phillis, *(if you will,)*
Accept the Sorry Song of Philophill.

MY *Phillis* now is all my Song:
To her my heart, my hand, my tongue
s now Devoted; only She
My Miſtreſs, Saint, and Soul muſt be.

Tho' now the Morning makes no ſtay,
But ſtraight unlocks the Door of Day.
Before her early Beams appear,
To bring us news the Sun is near,
My *Phillis* Stands before my Sight;
Her Beauties chace away the Night.
Her Light the Darkneſs does controul,
Like Lightning ſhines into my Soul;
And tho' no heat the Sheath do feel,
It burns within, and melts the Steel.
When forth I walk in Flowery Feilds,
The cheif delight my *Phillis* yields.
No Cloud obſcures the *pleaſant* Light:
'Tis *Phillis* makes the day ſo bright;
See how the Flow'rs do ſmile on me,
'Tis *Phillis* Beauty then I ſee.
The Fields as fragrant are as fair:
'Tis *Phillis* breath perfumes the Air.
The Birds with Singing pleaſe my Ear:
Then *Phillis* Voice methinks I hear.
When I'me tranſported with my bliſs,
From *Phillis* Lips I Steal a Kiſs.

hen the Sun that ſhines ſo bright,
s down, and Envies my delight.
n ſhe unvails, might he but ſtay,
kiſs her Beauty all away.
Vail forbids his amourous *Shines*:
n at my pleaſure he repines.
'd rob me of them by his fall:
I in *Phillis* find them all.
heſe delights I mean to reſt:
onick Pleaſure is the Beſt.

ON

LUCINDA

Going to Church.

'N vain *Lucinda* much in vain,
You would conceal your Love;
hen ev'ry Look and ev'ry Strain,
Does more your Paſſion prove.

Can

Can the Dear Needle leave it's *North*,
Or Nature quite decay;
Or can the Earth leave bringing forth
In *April* or in *May*.

Then may *Lucinda* ceaſe to ſhow
The Paſſion of her Breaſt,
When by each Bluſh and by each Smile,
Her Love is ſtill expreſt.

I doubt not but the other day
You went with zeal to Church,
But when the grateful Object came,
Devotion's left i'th Lurch.

How was her trembling Heart perplext?
'Twixt Earth and Thoughts above;
But let the World ſay what it will,
All Powers muſt yield to Love.

Sent me by a Gentleman.

GIve me the Eyes give me the Charms
That Govern'd are by Art;
hat can our Beaux ſubdue in ſwarms,
Tho' Beauty has no part.

nce each affected glance can move
Bright Nature wee'l deſpiſe;
hat need of Merit or of Love
To make a Fop your Prize.

e live in ſuch a wretched Age,
What can our Paſſions move;
owards and Boys in feuds engage,
And Aukward Fools make Love.

The

The Anſwer.

TAke you the Artificial Charms,
Bright nature I Admire ;
You Beaus like Bees may Die in Swarms,
When Brimſtone Face can Fire.

Take the affected Glance you Love,
While Merit 'tis I Prize ;
Beauty ſo Low does never move,
Unleſs 'tis to Diſpiſe.

You wrong the Age in which you Live,
Nor can I blame that Fair ;
That ſlights the Paſſion Fools do give,
When Men of Sence are near.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Cloris and Almeria.

Clor. WHat does the bright *Almeria* wiſh or Fear,
Who does ſo ſad in theſe *rude* ſhades appear.
Fair Royal Maid, you who in Courts do ſhine,
And whom the Admiring croud does ſtile Divine;
Why do thoſe Eyes, which have their Thouſands Slain,
Of glorious Youths, their Beauty waſte in Vain?
Why thus in Tears which have ſuch Fire ſent,
Unleſs the Gods freſh Danger to prevent,
Deſtroy their Pow'r by Contrary Element.

A. Alas you little know within this Shade,
Where nothing does your ſoft repoſe invade.
How we in Courts deſtroy our Infant hours,
With baffled hopes and Loves Almighty Powers.

Where

Where Men vile Men with falſe Pretentions mov
Our Innocent unthinking Hearts to Love.
By Vows and Oaths and promiſed greatneſs won,
By Love and by Ambition we're undone.

C. 'Tis true our Village harbours no Deceit,
Whoſe Pride is to be Honeſt more then Great:
In Conſtancy our Emulation lies,
And Words alone are obligatory Tyes.
No Shepherds here call back that Faith they've gi
Their Vows are Sacred both to us and Heaven,
But ſpeak *Almeria*, your ſad tale impart,
I have a Lovers pity in my Heart.
Sit down beneath this Poplar here by me,
Love will ſometimes be eaſed by Sympathy.

A. Know then when firſt I trod the Ambitious
Of *Albions* Court, the Glory of our Iſle.
From Rural Shades a harmleſs Maid I came,
Untoucht in Thought, and Spotleſs in my Fame.
Unuſed to Artifice in Face or Mind,
Fair without Art, and Innocently kind.

atch my tender Flock was all my care,
eaving flowry Garlands for my Hair;
ſt every Shepherd ſtrove upon the Green
ſe Voice ſhould firſt Proclaim *Almeria* Queen.
I unknown to other Joys was pleas'd,
wild Ambition had my Parents Seiz'd.
thought my Beauty loſt to Country Swains,
me to Soft to Live on rugged Plains:
and Untaught they ſent me to the Court,
re all the Youth of Quality reſort;
demn'd to Ceremony, Dreſs, and *Air*,
h Wig and Stinkirk they Attack the Fair,
Coach and Equipage they gild the Bait,
Carry on the *Miſchief to be great*;
re 'twas my early Hopes were ſoon deceiv'd,
gladly what I wiſht, I ſoon believ'd.
Women too too Credulous alas!
nk what we wiſh will ſurely Come to Paſs.
ſe gay Deluders led me Fairly on,
Vows and Promiſes, to be Undone.
warn'd by me, you who in Courts reſide,
e Sacrifice your Pleaſure to your Pride.

Alas

C. Alas I Pitty poor *Almeria*'s Fate,
And is it then ſo Dangerous to be Great.
Is there no Laws for the Unfaithful Sex,
Muſt they ſtill Triumph where they moſt Perple
Chloris may Bleſs the humble Life ſhe Loves,
She meets no Diſapointments in theſe Groves.
If ſhe her Careleſs Flocks ſecure from Harm,
No other Fear her Chearful breſt Alarms
To Fright her from her welcome Shepherds Arm
Stay here with me, and I will part my Sheep,
On yonder Hill you the One half ſhall keep,
On ſhady Banks wee'le waſt the Scorching day,
With Songs and Tales wee'le Drive your Grief a

FINIS.